

# AFTER THE CONFESSION.

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BY

ADOLPHE DANZIGER.



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# After the Confession

And other Verses

BY

*De Castro, Adolphe Danziger*

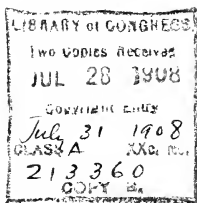
ADOLPHE DANZIGER

*Author of something else.*

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## JUST A WORD.

Several years ago I had gathered a large number of verses which were about to be published when I was suddenly deprived of that pleasure by a person who borrowed the manuscript and never returned it. Upon inquiry I was told that the manuscript had been stolen. Having no other copy, and not willing to set a detective on the track of the thief, although, I confess, I should have liked to make his acquaintance, the public was perchance spared an affliction.

Incidentally, I may say that a paternal government might subsidise a thief of that sort for the purpose of having the works of putative poets opportunely stolen.

However, I sincerely regret the loss of my manuscript, because it contained many poems to my mother, and these I have been unable to re-write from memory; but I shall know them, and so will a great many who read some of them as they appeared in the Press.

With this note of warning my purpose is fully served.

ADOLPHE DANZIGER.





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## AFTER THE CONFESSION.



I oft forget religious feasts  
In culling love's sweet roses.  
Alike to me are Church and Creed  
Of Christ or that of Moses.

For both proclaim that thou shalt love  
Thy neighbour with affection,  
And I, in sooth, have never failed  
To give him my protection.

To love a neighbour as thyself,  
Is sweet, and well and human,  
But one can more intensely love  
A neighbour who's a Woman.

Not long ago my neighbour was  
A maid of Jewish fashion,  
Who taught me the Mosaic laws  
With oriental passion.

She's married now, her husband is  
A portly Jewish brother,  
But neighbour love, that gentle law,  
I practise with another.

For now my neighbour is a maid  
The Church of Rome professes,  
Her eyes are like the ocean's depth,  
Like amber are her tresses.

I love Marie and love her faith,  
Which was for comfort given,  
For one may sin and tell the Priest  
And soon be wholly shriven.

But people do not always tell  
Of all the sins committed,  
A tiny sinlet here and there  
Is now and then omitted.

It was not always thus, in Rome  
The penitents did spinning,  
To-day one gives the Church her  
pence  
And gladly goes on sinning.

But cease this thought, my neighbour  
fair,  
On whom my love now centers,  
Anon, like incarnated rhythm,  
My lonely chamber enters.

What bodes this look, to her I say,  
This highly wrought expression.  
This is, she answers, Easter week,  
And I have made confession.

Didst tell the Priest, I cry, how oft  
My breast thy bosom crushes  
Until thine alabaster neck  
Is dyed with crimson blushes.

Didst tell—"Now, hush," she calmly  
says,

"To practise virtue better,  
I've told the Priest of ev'ry sin,  
Aye, to the very letter.

"I am a better Christian now,  
No sin my soul distresses,  
'Tis sweet, my dear, to be absolved  
When one but full confesses."

'Tis truth, delightedly I cry,  
The mind is dull that misses  
To note the change—I know, Marie,  
I feel it in—thy kisses.

For only one as pure as thou  
Can laugh such saintly laughter,  
Marie, my dear, confess again,  
Thy love is sweeter after.



## JUST A FLOWER.



A flow'r in a garden grew,  
Of dulcet scent and fairest hue;  
This gentle flow'r was for an hour  
The sweetest flow'r I ever knew.

That little flower trusted me,  
And loved me very tenderly;  
It wept and blushed as it was  
crushed,  
Yet spake no angry word to me.

In sooth, it was a merry start—  
I gaily played the lover's part;  
Then came a day I would away—  
Another flow'r had won my heart.

The pretty flow'r hung its head  
When I farewell so lightly said;  
It ne'er replied, nor even cried—  
Alas! the little flow'r was dead!



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

COULD I BUT TELL . . .



Could I but tell what moves my soul  
When I thy gracious smile behold,  
Could I but hope to reach the goal  
Where scenes of bliss their charms  
unfold.

Could I but dwell with thee, my love,  
In sylvan silence far away,  
Where none but chanting birds above  
Attune to rapture love's sweet lay.

Could I but have my heart's desire,  
I'd prouder than a monarch be;  
For love endows with heavenly fire,  
And makes all mankind proud and  
free.



“BONNE NUIT.”  
(Good Night.)



That night, dear heart, when first we  
met,  
I never can forget, Marie;  
When from thy lips in accents sweet,  
I heard thy gracious “bonne nuit.”

Mine ears have heard so oft since then  
Its rare, bewitching melody,  
That ev’ry zephyr breathes to me  
A tender, thrilling “bonne nuit.”

That night of thee, my love, I  
dreamed,  
Our hearts were twain in Paradise;  
I heard again that “bonne nuit,”  
Again I saw thy laughing eyes.

How oft my soul hath sought the spell  
Thy grace and voice bestow, Marie;  
Oh, let me see thee once again,  
That I may hear sweet “bonne nuit.”



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*



## THE SONG OF SONGS.

(Das Hohe Lied.)

By Heinrich Heine.

Translated in the same metrical form.



A woman is a poem grand  
That God, by genius smitten,  
With graceful touch and master hand,  
In Nature's book has written.

He chose the moment well enough  
To form his inspiration,  
And made of that rebellious stuff  
An excellent creation.

In sooth, a woman's body far  
Surpasses all romances,  
Her limbs, so white and plastic, are  
The most poetic stanzas.

How well the gracious Poet wrought  
The neck—he curved so finely—  
And on it poised the central thought—  
The curly head, divinely.

The billowed breasts, with rosebuds  
done,  
Are epigrams in measure;  
The metric space between each one  
Affords enchanting pleasure.

The Poet's plastic art reveals  
Each hip, which full of grace is;  
The mystic Ode the leaf conceals,  
A noble Law embraces.

No fanciful conception this,  
But flesh and blood that hisses  
With passion, speech, and lips that  
kiss  
In rhymed and metric kisses.

Here rings the truest poetry  
With grace in each inflection,  
And on its face indelibly  
Is stamped divine perfection.

I praise Thee, Lord, as praise I must,  
And all the world shall know it,  
Compared with Thee we're bungling  
dust,  
O, matchless, heavenly Poet.

I ponder deeply ev'ry way  
Thy work of plastic beauty,  
And tireless am by night and day  
In this divinest duty.

And sweet it is to revel in  
Thy work with soul and body,  
Though, Lord, I'm growing pale and  
thin  
From overzealous study.

IS IT LOVE?



Why are thine eyes cast down, sweet  
maid,

Why are thy cheeks so rosy red?

Why are thy hands on bosom laid,

Why bowest thou thy gentle head?

Is it love? O, maiden speak!

Is it love, the love I seek?

Why doth my heart in raptures beat

What thou art nigh, when thou art  
nigh?

Why do I tremble when we meet?

I fain would speak, yet can but sigh!

Is it love? O, maiden speak!

Is it love, the love I seek?

Adoring, at thy feet I kneel,

And ask no more if love it be;

The sweet, exquisite pain I feel

Has solved the sacred mystery.

Love, sweet love, my heart doth  
speak;

'Tis the love, the love I seek!

*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

## ASK ME NOT.



Ask me not why thus I love you,  
Why my heart so pines for you;  
Ask the roses why they wither  
Without sunshine, without dew.

See that e'en the poorest sunflow'r,  
Knowing where to find her bliss,  
Turns her face bedecked with dew-  
drops  
To the sunlight for a kiss.

Dear, I know but that I love you  
More than roses love the dew;  
More than sunflow'rs long for day-  
light,  
Do I, dearest, long for you.



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

THE LONG KISS, OR LOVE'S  
MILLENNIUM.

(To Georgina.)



Had I a thousand years to live  
And one in which to call you mine,  
I'd gladly choose the one and give  
Away nine hundred ninety-nine.

That year I'd use to drink in sips  
Nine hundred ninety-nine of bliss,  
And, hanging on your honeyed lips,  
I'd kiss a year one single kiss.

GYPSY LOVE.



Would'st win my love, then kiss to  
blood my lips,  
Tear shred by shred my garb, with  
mad impress  
A bear like, rend and claw my  
quiv'ring flesh,  
Destroy my last defense to thy  
caress.

When crushed I lie beneath thy grasp  
and spent,  
My love is won, I then obey thy nod  
And, crawling at thy feet, thou master  
man,  
I worship thee, my conqueror, my  
god.

# WHEN THOU WERT WHOLLY MINE.



Some day, when twilight shadows fall  
 On paths that love with light  
 endow'rs,  
 Thou wilt with longing heart recall  
 The thrilling bliss of those sweet  
 hours  
 When thou wert wholly mine  
 Dear love, and I was thine.

And then, beloved, thou wilt fret,  
 And call the blissful past in vain;  
 But sighs and tears and sad regret  
 Can never, never bring again  
 The days when thou wert mine,  
 Dear love, and I was thine.

Then strain me to thy heaving breast,  
 And let me press my lips to thine!  
 Oh, let us guard each moment lest  
 We should recall with grief ferine,  
 The days when thou wert mine,  
 Dear love, and I was thine.



AS OF YORE.



I dream as lilies dream and sigh,  
    Upon the moon illumined plain;  
I sing as swans that sing and die,  
    And think my song will still the  
    pain.

I pray that light again might shine  
    Upon the scene of former bliss,  
When, pillowed on thy breast divine,  
    I drank the nectar of thy kiss.

My love, my love, my heart's desire,  
    I long for thee, for none but thee!  
O, come and tune the golden lyre  
    To love's delightful harmony;

And heart to heart and eyes to eyes,  
    We'll live in rapture as of yore;  
The world shall be our Paradise,  
    And naught shall part us evermore!



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

## TO A ROSE.



I love thee in thy red array,  
Thy fragrant heart with gems  
bedight;  
I love thee as the light of day,  
I love thee as the starlit night.

I knew thee in a better life,  
Where death was not nor was decay,  
And peace, unmarred by human strife,  
Sublimely made the perfect day.

Until the mystic Voice divine  
Ordained my soul to mortal's doom,  
And thee, O, sister soul of mine,  
A hued and fragrant rose to bloom.

I found thee in thy red array,  
Thy fragrant heart with gems  
bedight,  
I love thee as the light of day,  
I love thee as the starlit night.





## THE FLOWER'S SORROW.



A flow'r complained to me one day,  
When still the dew upon her lay;  
Her sigh told more than she confessed,  
And pity 'rose within my breast.  
Alas! the pretty little flow'rs  
Too often know their sadder hours;  
The scent that they to us impart  
Is grieving from a broken heart.

At morning, when the sun is bright,  
The Flowers' sorrow comes to light;  
Deceived, they from their dreams  
    arise,  
And teardrops sparkle in their eyes.  
Shame lends the rose a ruddy grace,  
But passion pales the lily's face.  
Alas, poor flow'rs, they love in gloom,  
And weep at morn—yet still they  
    bloom!



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

## LOVE'S LULLABY.



Hush, my love, the night is falling,  
Twilight gleameth in the west,  
And the nightingale is calling  
His beloved to the nest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee  
I made a bed of fragrant rose, love,  
And pillow soft for two, love,  
A dulcet nest for true love,  
Where thou and I shall find repose,  
love,  
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

See, my love, the stars are beaming  
Passion-fire in ev'ry ray,  
And each star is fondly dreaming  
Of a star love far away.

Blow-wee, blow-wee  
Ring out, sing out, the day is done,  
love,  
The nest is made for two, love,  
A paradise for true love  
Where thou and I shall be as one,  
love,  
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Hush, my love, and cease repining,  
Lay thy head on to my breast;  
And thy heart to peace inclining,  
Shall be lulled to gentle rest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Then kiss and whisper low, good-  
night, love,

Our cozy nest for two, love,  
Shall be a nest for true love,  
For ever light and ever bright, love.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.



## THE WORDS FROM THY LIPS.



The sweet words thy fair lips have  
spoken  
Have robbed me of peace and of  
sleep;  
Their music proclaims them a token—  
How rare is thy love and how deep !

And over those dear words I ponder,  
I ponder by day and by night;  
In darkness no more can I wander,  
Yet dare not appear in the light.

I will not that freedom shall find me,  
If by it from thee I must part;  
Be gracious, beloved, and bind me  
With fetters of love to thy heart !



*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

LEAVE ME NOT.



Leave me not to grief and pining,  
For I need thy sweet caress  
As a rose the sunlight's shining,  
And the dewdrops tenderness.  
Wilt thou break the word once  
spoken,  
When thy heart was love arrayed;  
Shall life's dearest, sweetest token,  
Like a flower be decayed.

Leave me not to pain and sorrow  
At the door of life's delight;  
Loneliness no joy can borrow  
From a hopeless, gloomy night.  
Leave me not; 'tis all I'm pleading,  
Thinking only this one thought;  
Crying, while my heart is bleeding,  
Leave me not, oh, leave me not!



## CUPID COMES STEALING.



Cupid comes stealing,  
A thief in the night,  
Silently kneeling  
With bow-string in right.

Treading quite lightly,  
Love passes the heart;  
Cupid draws tightly  
And speedeth his dart.

Mortally wounded,  
Love weepeth with pain;  
Cupid, unbounded,  
But laughs at the slain.

Cupid comes stealing,  
A thief in the night;  
Deftly concealing  
His arrows from sight.

He mocketh love's play  
Till the rise of the sun,  
And flieth away  
When the mischief is done.

## THE KING'S LAMENT.



Alive, no, no, I'm dead,  
My tortured soul is fled;  
My body chilled and sore,  
Will feel her touch no more  
In love as oft before.

What vile and traitor hand,  
By jealousy unmanned,  
Destroyed my gentle queen,  
So regal in her mien,  
So saintly and serene.

Or was it by a nod,  
Of a capricious god,  
My gladness to disperse,  
A demon so perverse  
Was sent, then him I curse.

I curse, I curse the pow'r  
That gave me for an hour  
The most exquisite joy  
And then, as were't a toy,  
With malice to destroy.

Of thousands that have sold  
Their bodies vile for gold,  
The vast and endless train,  
Of those that live in pain  
And hope they would be slain.

Of misery's broad field  
That human thistles yield.  
And life with evil dow'r,  
He vented not his pow'r,  
But crushed my gentle flow'r.

Is madness this, or spite,  
In horror to delight?  
Oh, ne'er will I believe  
The reaper cuts the sheave  
The tender plants to grieve.

The reaper cuts to feed  
A lower kind of breed,  
And where he cuts he sows;  
He harrows, but he knows  
The soil much richer grows.

The plants thus cut away,  
Give seed another day;  
But human hearts that die,  
With agonizing cry,  
For ever buried lie.



What happiness if one  
Could die when love is done,  
And break life's iron band,  
Or, with a sweep of hand,  
Our pain to cease command.

But no, our mem'ries live,  
And thousand tortures give;  
Unquenched remains desire  
In hearts with grief on fire,  
Until our souls expire.

We're proud and potent kings  
When love's sweet summons rings;  
The golden crowns we wear,  
Bode not a single care,  
Until there comes despair.

We rule with gentle hand  
This dream and flower land;  
When love's sweet rose is blown,  
We're kings, when love is flown,  
*We're kings without a throne.*



THE CASTLE ON THE LEE.  
(A Parable.)



A man there was and rich was he,  
As rich a man as man could be.  
He ruled all men as like a god,  
And each obeyed his slightest nod,

And like a god he wished to dwell  
Above the lot whose life is hell.  
By fancy lured, he raised his head,  
And to his own proud self he said :

I am a multimillionaire,  
I'll build a castle in the air,  
A mighty fort upon a lee,  
Above the forest, hill and sea.

I'll soar as mighty eagles, clear  
Above the earth, and laugh at fear  
That grips the human worms below  
As thunders roll and tempests blow.

*I shall defy the crash and shock  
Within my house of granite rock.*

The backs of thousand slaves were  
bent  
'Neath heavy loads, and rocks were  
rent

And marble cut to perfect art  
To lend a grace to ev'ry part.

Until there stood quite firm and fair  
The castle of the millionaire.  
A turret room, octagonal,  
Rose high above the lordly hall.

The windows were of gems whose  
    sheen  
Did magnify the outer scene,  
And aurophones were set around  
To carry inward ev'ry sound.

Thus passed in panoramic view  
The son of toil, at work with thew,  
To force the patient mother field  
The food for man and beast to yield.

He heard the shepherd's call, the barks  
Of docile dogs and songs of larks.  
He saw the hills with bristling trees,  
And heard the brooklet as it flees

In throes of fear from clefts of gloom.  
He saw the toilers at the loom,  
Bereft of hope, bereft of joy,  
A rag of life—the Reaper's toy.

He heard the groans, he heard the  
sobs,

He saw the ragged, hungry mobs,  
He heard their cry for work and bread,  
He saw the slaughter and the dead—

He heard it all and saw it all  
From yonder lofty turret hall.  
And thrice he laughed in boundless  
mirth.

What bliss, he said, to see the earth

From this secure and lofty height.  
Behold, it whets my appetite  
To see again the earthly pest,  
I'll doubly then enjoy my rest.

*And as the moments came and went,  
He felt exceedingly content.*

And, gazing at the sky, he saw  
What seemed a speck, a little flaw,  
The matchless, perfect blue contained,  
That soon, like forces held enchained

And loosened, leapt, grew black and  
low'r'd

With boding wrath, then rolled and  
roared.

The ocean heaved, convulsed with  
pain,

His foamy head again, again,

Was crashed against the rocky wall,  
Despairful moanings in its fall,  
And on the furies sprang or crept  
Then at the trembling forest leapt.

The leaves in murmurs told their dread  
The trees bent low, the furies sped  
Away through forest hill and dale  
With gruesome havoc in their trail.

*The millionaire contently thought,  
The house is strong my slaves have  
wrought,  
I can defy the crash and shock  
Within my house of granite rock.*

*His pride was just, his house was good,  
The storm's attack it quite withstood.  
And proudly then he raised his head  
And thus defiantly he said :*

*I hold the mighty magic rod,  
I fear no man, I fear no god,  
I laugh at both and them I mock  
Within my house of granite rock.*

*An earthquake came and wrenched the  
lee,  
The granite house fell in the sea,  
It took the castle from the air  
And also took the millionaire.*



## TO THE STRONG.



And yet withal, the world loves not a  
fool;

'Tis he, who fiercely fights with  
might and main,  
That wins the day; the brave will live;  
the rule

Holds good for man and beast; the  
weak are slain

To give the strong their boding force  
to try

Full use of life; the quick will live the  
slow must die.

So great is courage's pow'r, that e'en  
the eyes

Of love, that much forgive, a craven  
heart

That beats with fear and halts, will  
soon despise.

For love loves courage as the  
chiefest part,

And courage wins when whining  
cowards fail

As winds serve best a full resisting  
sail.



So lovêd are the strong, that e'en the  
    Crucified  
    Holds forth to them His pierced and  
    bleeding hand,  
And says : In agony and death I've  
    tried  
    To teach that strength is God's  
    supreme command ;  
For they who suffer much and suffer  
    long,  
Though weak in flesh, remain in spirit  
    strong.

## TWILIGHT.



Behold, how bits of rose and blue,  
In fancifully blended hue,  
Are fading into lambent air  
That glints upon the sea ; and there  
The heaving, ever-changing light  
Is rocked to wait the coming night ;  
The sea devours the day.  
As light is swept away  
Despairing voices call ;  
The darksome shadows fall  
Upon the world of light,  
And then, farewell, good-night !

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

(A Persian Fable.)



When God had willed this world to  
be,

He smiled, and lo, His very face  
Enflamed a scene of symmetry,  
Of beauty, love and matchless  
grace.

And dulcet sounds from flowers rang  
Wherein the gentle zephyrs played,  
While love its sweetest cadence sang  
In all the Master Mind had made.

As night had fallen on the scene,  
The lily—glowing deeply red,  
The rose, that gleamed in white  
serene,  
With fervent speech did woo, and  
said :

Oh, rose, fair rose, I pray, incline  
Thine ear and harken to my plea,  
Behold, my heart with love ferine  
Is burning, fairest rose, for thee.

The rose then said : I can't return  
Thy passion, for the Lord above  
No blood infused my veins to burn  
With fierce desire, I cannot love.



At this the lily's passion grew  
Yet more intense, her heart would  
break  
If love came not to save, she knew,  
And sighed. At length she smiled  
and spake :

Fair rose of love, do not despair,  
The Lord in wisdom did ordain  
That I my blood with thee shall share  
And share with thee all bliss and  
pain.

The rose then smiled with silent scorn,  
Prepared to play a hateful part,  
She forthwith sent her sharpest thorn  
To pierce the loving lily's heart.

The lily's blood flowed all the night  
Upon the rose's face and head,  
And morning found the lily white,  
The rose a deep and vivid red.

And when the rose was thus arrayed  
In carmined dress of rarest hue,  
And gems wherein the sunbeams  
played,  
A Fairy gave her fragrance, too.

But since the rose did not repent,  
And gloried at her suitor's woe,  
The Lord imposed a punishment  
That she on thorny stalks should  
grow.

## TO MY LADY.



No crown can sweeter graces  
Thy womanhood impart,  
For, written on thy face, is  
A noble mind and heart.

## COURAGE IS KING.

## A New Year's Toast.



To friends we have made and plans we  
have laid  
If noble the thought that laid them  
No failure or fear can touch us this  
year

For friends are true if—we made them.

So up with a cheer to the vanished old  
year

And hail with delight the new one  
Let bravely us sing, for COURAGE IS  
KING

And stick to friend who's a true one.

INCONSTANCY.



Woman doomed to constant fretting  
For a lover far away  
Falls a victim to—forgetting  
When another comes to stay.

REST.



Behind the crest of yonder purpling  
hill,  
Low sinks the splendor glowing  
western sun;  
The perfumed air is calm and sweetly  
still,  
For now the day is past and toil is  
done.

Upon the breast of night, in sweet  
repose  
The wearied earth reclines her grate-  
ful head;  
Forgotten all her sins and griefs and  
woes,  
She dreams of love, and in her  
dream is glad.

*Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.*

## THE WORDS FROM THY LIPS.

*Translation by the Author.*

Die Wörter Deiner Lippen.



Du hast mir mit zärtlichen Worten  
Das Herz und die Seele betrübt;  
Du hast mir so völlig bewiesen,  
Wie hingebend Du mich geliebt.

Doch bin ich so traurig und elend,  
Mein Herz mir vor Wehmut schier  
bricht;  
Nun kann ich im Dunkel nicht  
wandeln,  
Und wage mich doch nicht ans  
Licht.

Drum führe mich hütlich, Du Holde,  
Ich weile ja gerne bei Dir;  
Ach, bind mich mit Ketten der Liebe!  
Dan dien' ich Dir für und für!



LEAVE ME NOT.

*Translation by the Author.*

Lass Mich Nicht.



Lass mich nicht denn Furcht und  
Bangen

Fuellt mein Herz und truebt den  
Blick;

Sterben muss ich vor Verlangen

Ohne Dich, oh, Du, mein Glueck.

Treue hast Du mir geschworen,

Innig klang Dein suesser Eid;

Dein war ich, von Dir erkoren,

Dich zu lieben nur geweiht.

Lass mich nicht in Gram und Sorgen

Waehrend noch das Glueck uns  
lacht;

Freude kann der Tag nicht borgen

Von der hoffnungslosen Nacht.

Lass mich nicht—ich bin entmuthet;

Wie ein Blinder fleht nach Licht

Fleh' ich weil mein Herz verblutet,

Lass mich nicht, oh, lass mich night!

## THE FLOWERS' LOVE.

Blumen Liebe.



Ich sah 'ne thau 'ge Blume,  
Gar herrlich aufgeblueht;  
Doch hoert' ich ihre Klage  
Im innersten Gemueth.

Ich hoerte dass die Blume  
Hat einen stillen Schmerz,  
Und ist ihr koestlich Duften  
Ein seufzend Blumenherz.

Es bringt die Morgen Sonne  
Geheimen Gram ans Licht;  
Die Blume steht und seufzet,  
Thauthraenen im Gesicht.

Oh, sage, holde Rose,  
Hat Scham dir Roeth' vererbt?  
Bist du, oh, weisse Lilie,  
Von Leidenschaft entfaerbt?

Ihr liebt, oh, holde Blumen,  
An naechtlich stillem Ort,  
Und trotz der Schmerzens Thraenen  
So blueht ihr weiter fort.

ASK ME NOT.

*Translation by the Author.*

Frage Nicht.



Frage nicht warum ich lieb' Dich,  
Gluehend Dir ins Auge schau';  
Frag' warum die Rosen welken  
Ohne Sonne, ohne Thau.

Sieh' die armen Sonnenblumen,  
Wenden stets ihr Angesicht,  
Und verlangend ewig suchen  
Einen Kuss vom Sonnenlicht.

Ach, ich weiss nur dass ich lieb'  
Dich,  
Dass ich rasend bin und blind;  
Denn was Sonne ist den Blumen  
Das mir Deine Augen sind!



## WEIN UND WEIBER.

Lied einer Ungarin.



Ohne Wein da isch ka Leben,  
 Ohne Liab isch ka Sein;  
 Ohne Sonne kaine Reben,  
 Ohne Reben kainen Wein.

Ohne Weiber kaine Kisse,  
 Ohne Kisse kaine Lust;  
 Ohne Lust nur Aergernisse,  
 Wachsen in der Menschenbrust.

Drum Du Herz' ger, lass uns küssen,  
 Lass betaiben uns den Sinn;  
 Lass der ganzen Welt es wissen,  
 Dass ich Daine Liabste bin.





GUTER RAT.



Mein Sohn, sei gut wie sich's gebuehrt,  
Der Menschenlieb' ergieb Dich ganz,  
Den selbst beim Schweine oft sich  
ruehrt  
Recht - mitleidscoll der krause  
Schwanz.

Nimm Alles was Dein Aug' begehrt,  
Auf Reichthum sei Dein Sinn  
bedacht,  
Weil Alles was ein Schwein verzehrt  
So ziemlich guten Schinken macht.

Und siehst Du jeh bei einem Mann  
'Ne Zucker-Kringel, nimm sie doch,  
Und iss sie auf, der Dumme kann  
Begnuegt sein mit dem schoenen  
Loch.

Leih' Geld, mein Sohn, warum denn  
nicht?  
Der Edle froehnt der edlen That,  
Doch hoere was von Pfand man spricht  
Ob Werth es fuer die Summa hat.

In Glaubens Sachen sei recht schlau,  
 Der Glaube ist ein hart Geschwuer,  
 Drum ist's gescheuter wenn Du oft  
 Halb offen laesst die Meinungs  
 Thuer.

Zum Beispiel :

Der Pastor Mueller sagt zu mir :

“ Die Heil'ge Schrift die unterweist,  
 Dass Christus mit zwei Broden hat  
 Fuenf tausend Menschen einst  
 gespeist.

“ Nun glauben Sie's, mein lieber  
 Stein ?

“ Gewiss, ich glaub' es ganz wie  
 'n Kind,  
 Nur ”—“ Was, ” schreit Mueller, ”  
 was meint nur ?

“ Ob sie auch satt geworden sind ?

Mit bestem Gruss an Gross und Klein,  
 Dein lieber Vater Itzig Stein.



## DAS MEER WEIB.



Steigend aus dem blauen Meere,  
Farbenreich im Sonnenglanz;  
Sah ein Juengling eines Tages,  
Einen grossen Wallfisch-schwanz.

Auf der Spitze dieses Schwanzes,  
Sass ein herrlich schoenes Weib;  
Meeres-tiefe in den Augen  
Alabaster gleich der Leib.

Auf dem Ruecken hing ihr langes,  
Seidenweiches schwarz Gelock;  
Und den blendend weissen Busen  
Deckte duennes Schaum-Geflock.

Bald erhob sie ihre Stimme,  
Wunder suess war ihr Gesang;  
Gluecklich schien der Fisch im  
Wasser  
Doch dem Juengling wurde bang.

Süsser tönen ihre Laute  
Und der Jüngling steht und  
Iauscht,  
Augen, Haar, Gesang and Busen,  
Hoben völlig ihn berauscht.

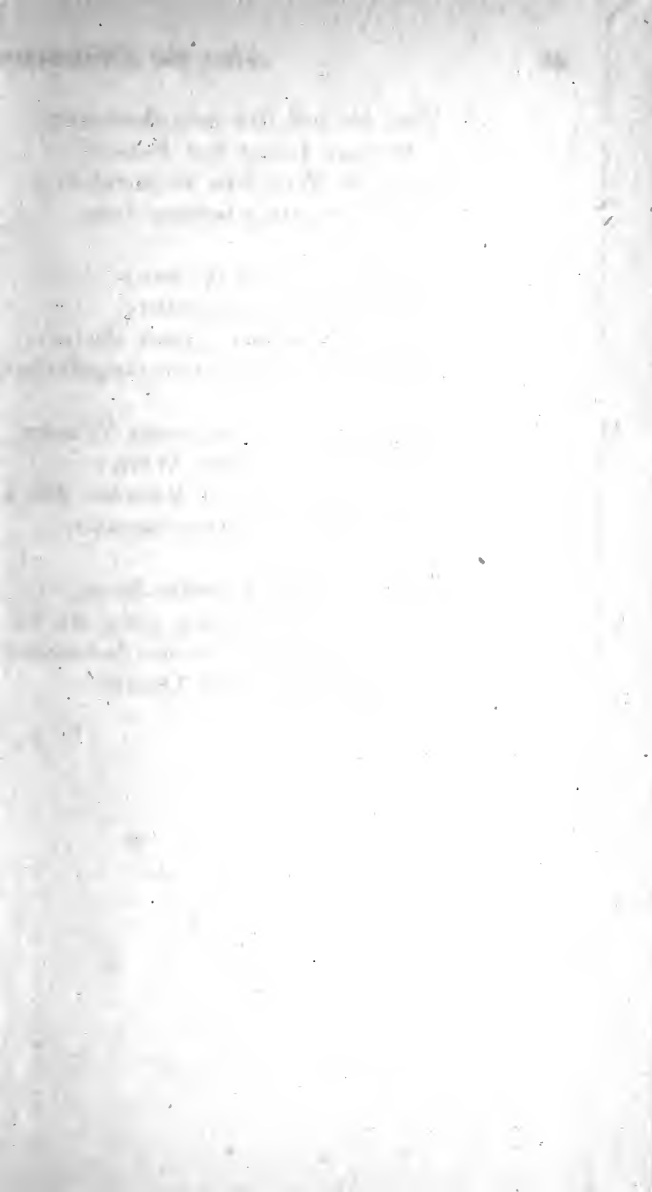
Und sie lud ihn mitzukommen,  
In den Unter-See Palast;  
Dort ein Weilchen auszuruhen,  
Als ihr einzig liebster Gast.

Viele Leute sind da unten  
Alle werden amuesirt;  
Und so manchen guten Dichter,  
Hab' ich dort schon eingefuehrt.

Dichter hassen zwar das Wasser  
Ihre Force ist der Wein  
Doch vergiebt sich Mancher Etwas  
In dem Kreise Gast zu sein.

Also sprach die holde Nixe,  
Und der Juengling ging mit ihr;  
Reitend auf des Fisches Schwanze,  
In das Unter See Quartir.





JUL 28 1909

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